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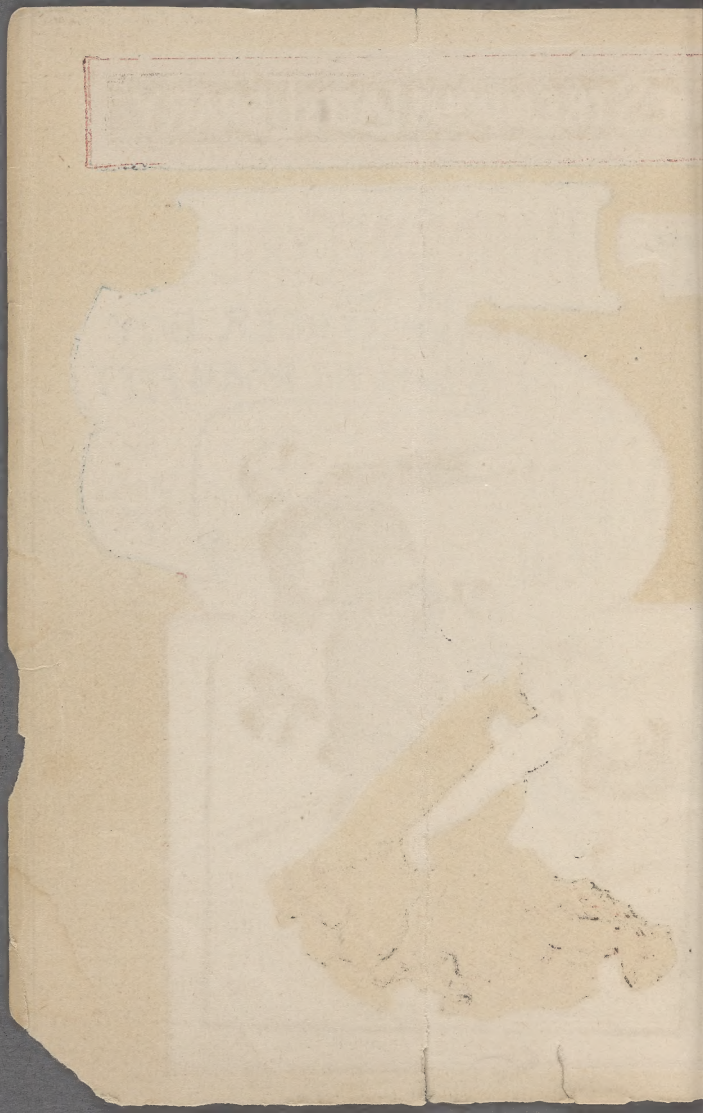
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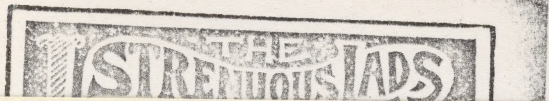
## HANDSOME CYRIL

OR THE  
MESSENGER BOY  
WITH THE WARM FEET

—  
BY  
GEORGE  
ADE  
—



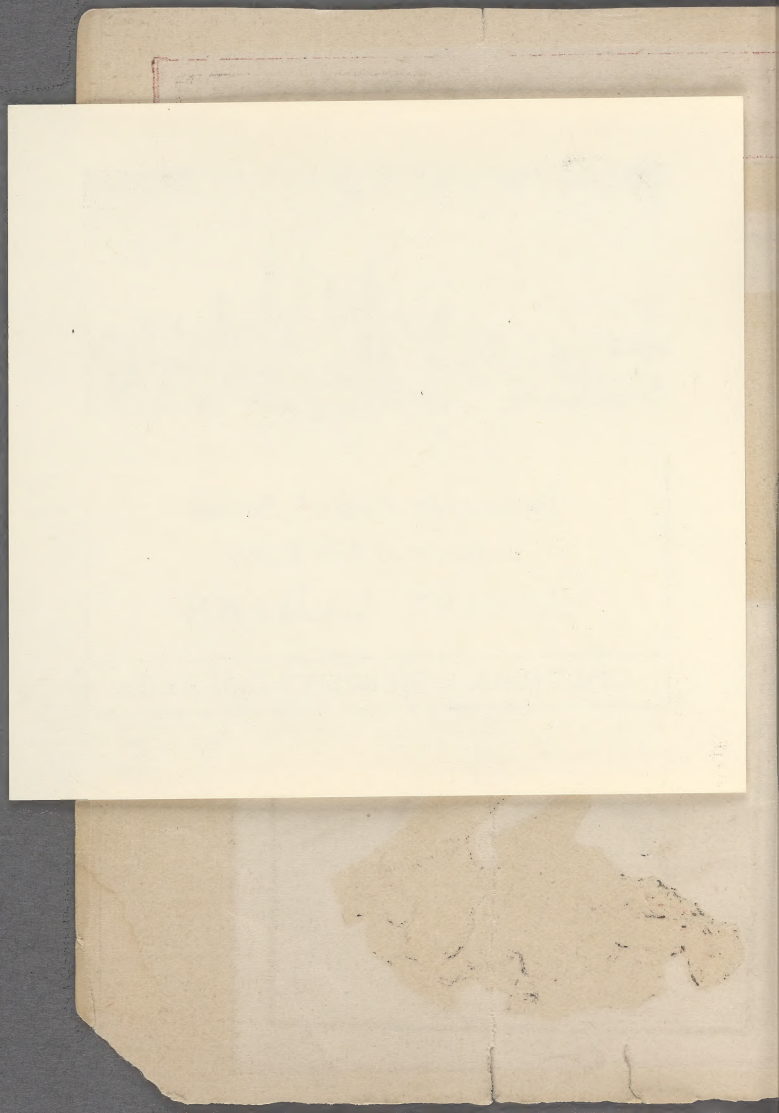




*Presented by Ruth U. Samuel*  
*In Honor of Her Father*  
**ALBERT ULMANN**

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these admirers have not yet met  
up with Eddie Parks, otherwise  
they would have transferred their  
allegiance.





# STRENUOUS LADS

THE above is the general title of a series of thrilling detective stories written by George Ade, author of "Eddie Parks, the Newsboy Detective," etc., and published by the Bandar Log Press.

To the billions of readers who have hung with bated breath and quivering nerves over the adventures of Eddie Parks, the works of this author need no introduction. Among the writers of thrilling detective stories his are easily the thrillingest. Conan Doyle, Anna Catherine Green, Gaboriau, Poe,—all these have their admirers but it is safe to say that these admirers have not yet met up with Eddie Parks, otherwise they would have transferred their allegiance.

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There will be seven stories in the series. Each will be issued as a separate book, uniform in size with the others so that the whole series may be bound together, thus making one unique volume. In typography and presswork no effort will be spared to make them as bum as possible.

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With No. 7 will be included a title page and index for the complete series, also a portrait of the author.

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# THE STRENUOUS LADS LIBRARY

## HANDSOME CYRIL;

—:OR:—

### The Messenger Boy With the Warm Feet

BY GEORGE ADE

AUTHOR OF "EDDIE PARKS, THE NEWSBOY  
DETECTIVE," ETC.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE MEETING.

"Cyril!"

"Alexander!"

The two messenger boys  
clasped hands.

It was on Madison street—  
that busy thoroughfare where  
many streams of humanity  
meet in whirling vortexes

The afternoon sun lighted  
up the features of Cyril Smith,  
the courageous young mes-  
senger boy.

His steel-gray eyes glinted  
as he gazed at his friend and  
comrade, Alexander. He had  
regular features and a regular  
suit of messenger boy clothes.

"I hope you are well,  
Alexander," he said, a smile  
lighting up his handsome  
face

"Oh, yes; quite well, in-  
deed," responded Alexander.

There was a short silence  
broken only by the continuous

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uproar of the street. Then Alexander asked: "Where are you going?"

"I am delivering a death message," replied Cyril, thoughtfully.

"Well, I must ascertain how the baseball game is progressing," said Alexander, and shaking our hero by the hand he moved away.

"Alexander is a strange youth," said Cyril, musingly. "I sometimes think he must be pessimistic."

At that moment the shriek of a woman in agony smote upon his ears.

"What is this," he asked, "a woman in trouble? I must buy an extra and find

out what has occasioned this disturbance."

For at that moment the newsboys were shouting the extras which told why the woman had screamed.

Such is life in a great city.

Our hero ran toward the corner.

He saw a beautiful woman struggling in the grasp of a fashionably attired man.

She was a magnificent creature. Great swirls of chestnut hair fell in profusion down her back. The alabaster whiteness of her face served to intensify her beauty. She wore a diamond necklace, diamond earrings, and her lily-





BING !

white hands flashed with precious jewels.

She turned an appealing look at our hero and said: "Oh, sir, save me!"

Bing.

With a well-directed blow Cyril sent the fashionably dressed man sprawling on the pavement. With the other arm he supported the fainting woman. Then with the other hand he picked up the lace handkerchief which had fallen to the ground and presented it to her with a graceful bow.

"Curse you!" shouted the villain, struggling to his feet. "I shall cause you to rue this deed."

"Coward!" exclaimed Cyril with a curling lip. "How dare you strike this woman?"

"We shall meet again," said Cyril's antagonist ominously, and with these words he stepped into a carriage and was driven rapidly away.

Our hero now turned his attention to the beautiful creature who reclined in his arms.

"Speak! speak!" he whispered

Slowly the glorious eyes opened, and then she asked, in tremulous tones: "Where is he?"

"Gone"

"Where to?"

"That I cannot say, mad-

am," responded Cyril, for though he was only a messenger boy he had been taught to be courteous.

"His name is Rudolf Belmont. He must be followed."

"Yes, madam."

"He has taken the papers which prove that I am the real owner of the Belmont estate."

A shudder passed through our hero's frame. Then recovering himself, he said: "Madam, I will follow that villain and recover the papers."

"Oh, thank you," said she, and for a few minutes she wept softly.

Finally she lifted her tear-



stained face and said: "Summon a conveyance and if you are ever in need of a friend come to this number," saying which she gave Cyril an engraved card and offered him a purse containing gold.

"No, madam," said Cyril, with dignity. "I will not take your money. My salary is sufficient to permit me to live in comparative luxury."

The cab which he had summoned arrived at this moment. He assisted his fair companion to enter the cab and then turned his attention to the carriage, which was by this time nearly a mile away.

"That wretch shall not escape me," he said determined-

ly, and without further ado he started in pursuit of the carriage, which was now a mile and a quarter away.

And as he sped along the street he chanced to read the card given to him by the beautiful lady. It ran thus:

**Mrs. Gertrude Fisher.**

778 Michigan Boulevard  
Second Flat

“Merciful heaven!” he  
gasped. “My mother!”



“MERCIFUL HEAVEN!” HE GASPED.

## CHAPTER II.

### TREACHERY.

It will be remembered that we left our hero pursuing the carriage containing Rudolf Belmont.

In a few moments he overtook the equipage and saw Rudolf Belmont enter a tall mansion on 12th street.

Our hero secreted himself behind a large tree, determined to wait for an opportunity to enter the house.

An hour passed.

Cyril began to feel the pangs of hunger, but he was



determined not to abandon his post.

"Ah, sir; you are a handsome youth," said some one behind him, and Cyril turned to behold a tall, handsome stranger.

Our hero acknowledged the compliment with a pleasant bow, and soon he was in conversation with the stranger.

Before departing the stranger gave our hero a box o crackerjack, which he devoured with a relish, as it had been nearly two hours since he had tasted food.

Scarcely had he finished eating when he felt a strange faintness. Everything seemed to swim before his gaze, as

though he were in a natatorium. He had to lean against the tree for support

Suddenly the truth flashed upon him!

The crackerjack had been drugged.

The whole earth seemed enveloped in darkness. He sank to the ground.

He heard a voice, "Away with him to the basement."

It was the voice of Rudolf Belmont.

Then all was blank.



EVERYTHING SEEMED TO SWIM.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE RIVER.

When our hero recovered consciousness he found himself bound and gagged and being carried along a dark thoroughfare by two rough-looking men.

He was blindfolded but he knew the men were rough-looking. They always are.

A drizzle of rain was falling and the sky overhead was inky black.

Cyril heard a voice. It was the voice of Rudolf Belmont. He was speaking to the two





**SPLASH!**

rough-looking men. He said:  
"Do your work well. Then  
meet me at the Rock Island  
depot and you shall have your  
money."

Cyril's heart seemed to  
stand still! What were they  
going to do?

The two ruffians carried  
him along a dark wall. He  
heard beneath him the lap-  
ping of waves. The two men  
spoke in muttered oaths.

He knew the horrible truth.

The river!

Our hero felt himself lifted.

Then he fell, down and  
down.

Splash!

The dark waters closed above  
him.

## CHAPTER IV.

### ALEXANDER TO THE RESCUE.

Just as the body disappeared and the two ruffians ran back into the dark thoroughfare a boat shot across the river

"I thought I heard something drop into the murky river," said Alexander, for it was he. "I suspect foul play"

At that instant he saw a form rise to the water's surface. He reached forth and pulled our hero into the boat. It was the work of a moment to remove the gag and ropes.



**"I SUSPECT FOUL PLAY!"**

"Cyril!"

"Alexander! What are you doing here?"

"I was taking a boat ride, when I heard a sound indicating that some one had been thrown into the river. What does it mean?"

"Quick! I have no time to tell now. We must get to the Rock Island depot. Have you your revolvers with you?"

"Yes," said Alexander, producing his trusty weapons and inspecting them carefully.

"Then come with me for we have not a moment to spare."

With one strong pull the boat reached the shore. Our hero hastened up the bank, closely followed by Alexander,



and ran toward the Rock Island depot.

Just as our hero and his companion dashed into the train shed a man with a slouch hat pulled down over his face ran for a train which was slowly moving out of the station.

That man was Rudolf Belmont!

## CHAPTER V.

### THWARTED.

Our hero, it will be recalled, saw Rudolf Belmont running to catch the train. He redoubled his speed.

As Rudolf Belmont swung on the last platform, Cyril followed closely.

He seized the object of his pursuit. They grappled and fell from the train.

Our hero fell underneath. "Curse you; though you had nine lives, like a cat, your time has come now," hissed Rudolf Belmont, drawing a

revolver and pointing it at our hero's head.

At that instant a pistol-shot rang out and Rudolf Belmont emitted a cry of pain.

The revolver fell from his hand.

The faithful Alexander had put a bullet through the villain's hand.

The next instant Cyril was on his feet and Rudolf Belmont was in the custody of a stalwart policeman.

"You came at an opportune moment," said our hero, with a quiet smile, as he shook hands with Alexander. Then, turning to the policeman, he said: "Your prisoner has in his possession certain papers



A PISTOL SHOT RANG OUT.

which I wish to secure, after which you may take him to prison."

The policeman touched his cap respectfully and Cyril removed the bundle of papers from Rudolf Belmont's inner pocket.

Rudolf Belmont was led away, cursing.



## CHAPTER VI

### UNITED.

"Mother!"

"Cyril!"

It was indeed a happy evening at the magnificent home in Michigan boulevard.

"I have brought you the papers, mother," said Cyril, modestly.

"My brave boy!" she murmured, with pardonable pride.

"We must not forget your friend, who so bravely came to your succor," and she handed Alexander a \$1,000 note.

Little remains to be told.

Rudolf Belmont served 'a life-sentence in Joliet. Cyril Smith lives happily with his mother, Mrs. Fisher, who is as young and beautiful as ever. Often, on pleasant evenings, they entertain at dinner a thoughtful man with a brown mustache and genteel suit of dark material. That man is a member of the Knights of Pythias, but if we look again we will see that he is none other than our old friend, Alexander.

THE END.

The pictures in this book were engraved on wood by F. Holme, and the job was printed by him for

**THE BANDAR LOG PRESS**

from worn type, in a Mexican printing office, at Phoenix, Arizona, June, 1903. Edition limited to 674 copies—592 on laid paper, 60 on hand-made paper, 20 on Japan vellum and 2 on vellum. This is number /

